The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLIV FEBRUARY, 1936 No. 8

SOMETHING EACH DAY

Something each day—a smile
It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a word;
We cannot know its power,
It grows in fruitfulness
As grow the gentle flowers.
It brings the sweetest peace
Where all is dark and drear:
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
Oh, thus the Heavenly will
We all may do while here;
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year.

—*Gospel Herald.*

TOWARD PERFECTION

Psalm: 90—"*Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;*"

One of the surest lessons we learn is this—everything must have a source. Time was when scientists explained the presence of microbes by the theory of spontaneous generation. Reputable scholars of a few generations ago were thoroughly convinced that these tiny organisms came into being spontaneously—generated from nothing into something. We know now that this is a physical impossibility. We have learned that every microbe must have a parent, a source.

A few years ago our whole nation was dancing to the tune of something for nothing. If the last five or six years have taught us anything it is that riches do not grow on trees. You cannot drop nothing in and expect to pull something out. Back of every dollar is somebody's hard labor.

As far as our knowledge has been able to demonstrate, it is an utter impossibility for something to come from nothing in any realm of life. Beauty then must come from something. When the Psalmist sang, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;" he was giving voice to his faith that God is the source of all beauty. That there is beauty in the world is evidence enough that somewhere in the universe must reside the perfection from which beauty comes. For, as someone says, beauty is the outer sign of an inner perfection. Beauty comes from perfection. The Psalmist says God is the perfect Being and all beauty is but an evidence of his perfection and presence in the world. He it is whose perfection finds expression in the petals of the rose, in the lovely hues of the evening sky, and in the moral stature of man.

When Raphael painted his famous Sistine Madonna and spread across her features a light, soft and lovely, he simply gave to the outer appearance of her countenance the beauty that is the sign of an inner perfection.

And so the Psalmist sings, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;" affirming his faith that every man and woman can approach perfection—can entertain the spirit of perfection every-

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where manifest through the universe. Also men and women can reveal the divine perfection in the beauty of their deeds, in the loveliness of their creations, in the nobility of their thoughts, and in the loftiness of their aims.

When Fra Angelico prepared to paint his great masterpieces he first went aside, alone, and sought to free his mind and heart of every evil ambition, subdue every unholy hope, and expel every ounce of greed and hatred. Then with his face shining as with a divine light he turned to his canvas to paint, and the perfection of his own soul lent such an immortal beauty to his work that his pictures will forever remain treasures of the highest art.

His pictures were more than paint and canvas. They were Fra Angelico in the highest spiritual mood he could attain to. At its best life is more than raiment, more than sensations, more than selfish striving. At its best life is men and women in the highest spiritual mood that they can attain to. Then "the beauty of the Lord our God is upon us;" and the "work of our hands" becomes a perfect work that we shall forever want established upon us.

—By Delos W. O'Brian,
Gardner, Massachusetts.

GOD'S DAYS AND MINE

There are two days in the week about which I never worry. Two golden days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets and disappointments, with all its pains and sorrows, has passed forever beyond the power of my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot recall a word that I said; I cannot calm a storm that raged on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret or sorrow or wrong, is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring oil out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitter desert, the love that can make the wrong things right and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine: it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry over is tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its boastful promises and poor performings, its good intentions and its bitter mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastership as its dead sister, yesterday. Its sun may rise in roseate splendor or behind a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. And it will be God's day. It is God's day. It will be mine. Save for the star of Hope that gleams forever on its brow, shining with tender promise into the heart of today, I have no possession in tomorrow. All else is in the safe keeping of the same infinite love that holds the treasure of yesterday. All that tomorrow has for me I can trust to the love that is wider than the skies, deeper than the seas, higher than the stars.

There is left for myself, then, nothing but today. And any man can fight the battle of today. Any man can carry the burdens of just one day. Any man can resist today's temptations. This is the strength that makes the way of the pilgrimage joyous. I think, and I do, and I journey, but one day at a time. That is the easy day; that is the human day. And, while I do that, God the almighty and the all-loving takes care of yesterday and tomorrow, which I could never do.

—By Rev. Robert J. Burdette, D.D.

In all things, charity; in essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty.

—Clipped.

ROBERTA IN A RED BERET

Saint Valentine sent a thousand birds
with many a warning note
Reminding me at dawn of day to brush
my Sunday coat,
As if I needed any bird to say with chirp
and chee
That Roberta in a red beret is walking
out with me.
And then a thousand rays of light came
pushing through my glass
To say the sun would try himself and
shine the day like brass,
And put a blue tent over it so everyone
could see
When Roberta in a red beret is walk-
ing out with me.
I do not need the birds to coach my
tongue with words to say,
Nor do I need the sun to fire my eager
heart today,
But they make it very pleasant as the
clock lags on to three,
When Roberta in a red beret is walking
out with me.
I think the birds will follow us along the
sunny street
As we walk together jauntily with wings
upon our feet—
Each day would be Saint Valentine's if
there could always be
Roberta in a red beret to walk the world
with me!

—*Hazel Harper Harris.*

HALOS IN NATURE

The other evening a streetcar rider going home from the day's work noticed that the electric lights shone brightly and clearly when seen through the double sash of the lower streetcar windows. When observed through the frost-covered, single, upper panes, these same lights showed prismatic halos of red, blue and green.

The moon, these winter evenings, often shows the same interesting phenomenon on a larger scale. Frequently it is circled by a full-orbed halo or by one covering half or quarter of the circle. Sometimes also the sun wears a halo which should be closely observed only through a smoked or tinted glass.

These halos have long been regarded by sailors and other weather-wise folk as signs of brooding storms and nothing more. Until recently, even scientists were ignorant of their cause and significance. Research has revealed that most of these halos are due to icy-crystals which either reflect or refract the light. When these crystals refract the light, the halos are colored; when they merely reflect it, the halos are white or smoky gray. The frost on the streetcar window, above mentioned, refracted the light and endowed each electric light with rainbow hues. Differences in the shapes and sizes of the ice crystals cause great variety of forms in the halos.

A typical solar or lunar halo is caused by the refraction of light rather than by its reflection. Such a halo is generally reddish on its inner edge and violet on the outer rim. So complicated may the combination of colors become, that their appearance is known to astronomers as halo complexes.

About figures of sacred history medieval painters used to place luminous circles or aureoles. By such halos, the artists tried to indicate the luminous influence that emanated from a saint or martyr.

Likewise, the artist spirit in nature is not content merely to shape snow and ice in forms of crystals, marvelous in design and radiance. These crystals, in turn, become mirrors to conjure with the light and to hang garlands of beauty over cataracts, rainbows in the sky, aureoles about the orb of day and the lesser orb of night.

Even to the light of the sun, nature adds the beauty of a halo and to the soft, gray face of the moon a ring of radiance. Arctic regions and deserts have their mirages and oceans their phantoms. All are members of the halo family which, like Aurora of Greek mythology, touch the veil of night with rosy fingers and the light of day with a prismatic palette. Even fleeting, evanescent ice crystals have their part to play in the vast economy of the suns and skies.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

Cheerful Letter chairmen are urged to acquaint themselves with the following policy. The last few years it has been stressed that regular correspondents must be secured at Headquarters; now they may be selected from this Magazine. Please read the headings carefully.

CORRESPONDENTS

Here is a new group of shut-ins who are asking for a friendly letter or occasional reading. They may be adopted as *regular correspondents* after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for regular correspondents and it might be well to make a second choice. In adopting any of these shut-ins please cooperate with your local chairman who in turn will get in touch with Mrs. Hurst.

1. Mrs. Cassie Pack, Nogo, Ark., with her husband and four grown children, makes her home in the Ozark National Forest. Because there are very few people in this section, she desires to correspond with someone.

2. I used to be a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and would like to renew my acquaintance with some of its members. I have twins, 12 years old and a daughter, 10. My granddaughter suffers from bronchial asthma, and since she came out of the hospital, has been living with us. Mrs. Florence Spencer, Rt. 2, Bassetts, Va.

3. Mrs. Pearl Pennington of Lansing, N. C., is very grateful to the one who sends her the Cheerful Letter Magazine, and wishes she might hear from her friends more often.

4. I am a poor woman 73 years old, and have 4 sons and one daughter. Because of bad health, I am not able to get out much, and would love to receive some friendly letters. Mrs. John W. Gale, Box 164, Polkton, N. C.

5. Mrs. Rebecca Hutchinson, Glade Hill, Va., lives with her husband and two little girls, 7 and 8 years old, in a very lonely neighborhood. Since she is unable to attend church regularly, she would appreciate a friendly word now and then.

6. Life is extremely monotonous for an unmarried woman, 58 years old, living

in this very poorly populated neighborhood. I am anxious to have a correspondent, as I do not meet many people, except at church, which I attend as often as I can. Miss Rebecca Couch, Archey, Ark.

7. Mrs. Percy B. Purvis, Rt. 2, Madison Heights, Va., would be delighted to have a correspondent, and would greatly appreciate the encouragement which comes from kindly letters. She has one child, 4 years old.

8. My family, consisting of my parents, my brother and sister, and myself, live in the mountains a long way from town. I am 17 years old, and would enjoy writing to girls of my age. Ruby L. Bridges, Dabney, Ark.

9. Mrs. Walsie Dollar, Cabot, Ark., informs us that her husband is in the State Hospital for Nervous Diseases, so that she and her three children miss him a great deal. She is afflicted with asthma, and would be thankful to receive letters.

10. Will someone please correspond with me? During the long winter evenings, I get so lonesome, and hope and pray that some kind friend will remember a poor old mother dwelling in an isolated, mountainous region. Mrs. Jennie B. Bradley, Rt. 1, Box 119, Amherst, Va.

APPEALS

Below is a list of Cheerful Letter members asking for certain requests. A branch may send to all or select those which appeal the most. These are not to be taken as *regular correspondents* and need not be answered a second time.

1. I am a married woman with three children, one girl and two boys. My husband is a waterman, and I am alone quite often. I would appreciate rags for I love to hook rugs. Mrs. Earl C. Stevens, Stevensville, Md.

2. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, 108 Lakeside Ave., Burlington, N. C., a minister's widow, used to do missionary work in the mountains and on the islands of the sea. She would like teacher's helps, good books and magazines.

3. Living at home with my aged mother and father, I get lonesome and wish that I might have some cards, pieces of thread, buttons, and pictures. Miss Mae Howard, Rt. 1, Decatur, Tenn.

4. My three little girls are 6, 4 and 1½ years of age. Our farm is a long way from the nearest town. I would be glad to receive embroidery thread, books, or anything to amuse the children. Mrs. Garlen Vaughn, Rt. 1, Athens, Tenn.

5. Mrs. Mintie Stuart, Gront, Va., will be grateful for sewing materials, good story books and magazines. The three children's ages are 10 and 12 years, and 3 months. They enjoy picture books and games.

6. I am 18 years old and have a boy 2 years old. We live back in the mountains where it is difficult to get about, and fancy work, books and pictures would make a little sunshine in the midst of our wild country. Mrs. Paul Tucker, Tuckerdale, N. C.

7. Mrs. Jack Helton, Rt. 1, Spring City, Tenn., would like scrapbooks, pencils and paper for her little girls, 3, 5 and 8 years old. Reading matter for herself and husband will be duly appreciated.

8. I would be thankful for something to keep my little boy, 2 years of age, out of mischief. I would be glad to receive stamped pieces, bits of thread, and reading. Mrs. Glenn Perkins, Volney, Va.

9. Our neighborhood is thinly settled, with a one room school and no church within three miles. School materials, embroidery thread, and magazines will be most helpful. Mrs. Joey R. Weaver, Rt. 1, Box 60, White Top, Va.

10. Mrs. Bessie B. Snider, Mattoax, Va., writes that her 23-year-old daughter, who can neither walk nor talk, would enjoy some flour bags which she makes into embroidered dish towels. She would also like puzzles, books and cards for her little girl, 9 years old.

11. Besides my own little baby, I have two orphan girls, 6 and 11 years of age, staying with me. My husband works away from home, and is fond of sports-

men's books and papers. You can't imagine how much I would enjoy sewing, knitting, and religious literature. Mrs. Naomie R. Ott, Rupert, Ark.

12. Mrs. Walter Barnes, Copeland, Ark., asks for pencils, story books and cards for her children, 1, 4 and 5 years old. She would appreciate safety pins, needles, cotton scraps for herself and magazines for her husband.

13. I am 16 years old and in the sixth grade. I sure hope I can receive some help from you such as books, pencils and tablets. I have one brother and two sisters in school, which is three and a half miles away, and two more little sisters at home. Miss Nannie Hatcher, Rt. 3, Box 87, Ferrum, Va.

14. Mrs. Virgie Sturgill, Sturgills, N. C., wishes to thank all who have sent her cheer, which means so much, because she has seven children, and lives with her husband's parents. She could make good use of plain and fancy sewing, reading, and amusements for the younger children.

15. I am a poor farmer's wife and have three children, the oldest only 4 years of age. Reading matter and any kind of sewing would help fill many lonely hours. Mrs. Nona Schouggins, Rt. 1, Evensville, Tenn.

NOTICE TO SHUT-INS

If you are a *regular correspondent;* that is, exchanging letters regularly with any of our workers, do not ask this Department to print your letters. Your contact should be through your credited correspondent. Any exceptional request, of course, will be published.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.
—*J. M. Barrie.*

The bureau of fisheries has evidence that an Alaska salmon swam 1,300 miles in forty-four days. The fish which made this record was tagged with a metal marker by the bureau in Alaska and was caught, 1,300 miles distant, in a Siberian stream.

THE STOLEN WELL

"There is truth in what you say, Eliezer," replied the master. "We cannot let him have the well. But there must be some peaceable way to get it back."

Abraham stood for some time gazing at his tamarisks. He thought how beautiful they were and how many years were required for a tree to grow. Then it passed through his mind that an enemy could come in the night and destroy them all—and, if the enemy were so minded, might destroy his people, too. Turning to his men he said:

"Wait a little; let us do nothing rash. We could take the well by force, but there is a better way of dealing with Abimelech. I'm sure there must be a better way."

It was not an easy problem. And no other man in Abraham's day had ever thought of the solution he tried.

He first sent the sheik a present. The present was what the sheik would value most—fine animals, sheep and oxen selected from the best herds.

This tactful advance brought Abimelech to make a visit of acknowledgment—or perhaps it was curiosity that brought him. He was evidently puzzled. What kind of man could this Hebrew be? Abimelech had never met anyone like him. A man who returned kindness for harm and insult—well, that would be a man worth knowing.

But Abimelech did not come alone. He was not to be easily taken in. Perhaps the present would prove to be just a ruse. He brought with him the captain of his guard, Phicol by name, a bristly bearded giant quite horrible to look at.

Abraham had Eliezer prepare a little feast. An abundance of good food would help to put his neighbor into an agreeable mood. Then, when he had warmed up with appetizing food and pleasant talk, it would be an easy matter for the sheik to offer an apology for having "borrowed" one of Abraham's wells.

The visit progressed very pleasantly, but without any reference to the well.

Abraham would not bring up the subject; he was determined to leave that to his guest. But the sheik shied away from it, although when they spoke of the scarcity of water and pasture he surely had a good opening. He might have begun, "Oh, by the way, neighbor, my men were in hard straits for water last week," but he did not.

The leisurely dinner was over, and the sheik was about to take his leave. As he stood before the tent for a few last words before he mounted his camel, he seemed to be still suspicious of Abraham's kind intentions. For he turned back and proposed a treaty, the sort of agreement that two Bedouin chieftains negotiate when each suspects the other of some treachery.

At his master's back stood the stalwart, grim Phicol, well loaded down with implements of war—a great flint-tipped spear, a bow and arrows, and a monstrous skull-cracking club. The weapons were calculated to impress Abraham; but he had scarcely noticed the giant except to feed him well.

"How your trees have grown!" the wily sheik began, his eye on the grove of tamarisks, within which on a little mound stood the altar of rough stones. He commented on the altar. "I see your God is with you in everything you do. You are prospering; your cattle are in excellent condition—so much better than mine. We can help each other. Let us make a treaty of peace. What say you?"

Abraham expressed his satisfaction and called to the tent for his steward to come and bear witness to the terms of the compact. He concealed his delight; but to himself he mused: "The rascal is about to confess the theft of the well, and he hopes to get off without suffering indemnity. Having overheard Eliezer boasting to his captain how we put to flight the combined hosts of the seven kings, Abimelech has concluded that he had better bind me to keep the peace. Very good; I am willing to be bound. A treaty works both ways. And I want nothing but my well."

Aloud he said: "We are ready, sheik. Let it please you to state the terms of your treaty."

"Let us go before your altar," suggested Abimelech. To himself he added, "This Hebrew is an earnest man, I see, and his religion will hold him to his oath."

"Now swear to me," he said when they stood before the altar; "swear to me here in the presence of your God that you will not deal falsely with me, nor with my son, nor with my son's son; but according to the kindness I have shown you so shall you do to me."

No sooner had the pact been sworn to, with solemn pledges of friendship on both sides, than the sheik uttered a brusque farewell, mounted his beast, and rode away.

Abraham gasped, "The sheik is gone, with his much-bedecked commander in chief, and not a word about the well!"

"It begins to look," remarked the steward, "as if Abimelech has outwitted you."

"Perhaps I have been a little too easy with him," answered the master. "I ought to have asked what he meant by 'the kindness I have shown you.' That is what he said, was it not? 'According to the kindness I have shown you so shall you do to me.' "

Eliezer the steward smiled and shook his head, "I can't remember, sir, any favors that we have had from him. But what did he say when you asked him about the well?"

"Neither of us mentioned the well."

"You didn't! I thought that was what you had him here for. I thought that was what I prepared a splendid dinner for. Well!"

"But I can't let him beat me that way," Abraham went on, scarcely hearing. "I must have that well. Let me think." And looking greatly perplexed, the master sat down in the shade of his tent.

For some time Abraham sat and pondered his problem. The thing had somehow taken an awkward turn. What further friendly overture could he make? The sheik was not wholly bad, but he

needed something to prod a sluggish conscience. What should it be?

Eliezer the steward loitered in the tent door, watching his master out of the corner of his eye. Eliezer was finding this amusing. How, he wondered could his gentle master circumvent a slippery knave like Abimelech.

Abimelech had traveled some distance down the wady when his attendant, who was walking a few paces in the rear, cried out, "Look back, master, and see what is coming behind us!"

Was it an armed force? The alert chieftain struck his camel a sharp whack before turning his head. Then he saw what it was, and he stopped still and watched.

"What does this mean?" he queried. "The man is one of Abraham's shepherds, is he not?"

"He is," answered the minister of war as he slouched on his spear. "But I haven't a guess as to what he is after. Wait and see."

"It's a little queer," said Abimelech, as he reflected on the fragment of the story he had overheard—how Abraham with some friends had wrested spoil and prisoners out of the hands of seven kings and a great army. Surely the Hebrew was no coward—one could tell that by just looking at him. And yet here was another present — seven lambs — and seven was a sacred number.

"Whose lambs are these?" demanded the sheik, as the shepard came near. He was appraising the lambs with the eye of an expert judge. The eye was covetous, too, for they were unusually fine lambs.

"My master Abraham sends you these seven lambs as a present. He says your acceptance of these seven ewe lambs will be an acknowledgment that he dug the well—that well your men have stolen from us."

The blunt word "stolen" seemed to be just the shock needed to arouse the sheik's conscience. Whether guilty or not, a man does not like to be called a thief. So Abimelech tried to find a way out. He could not become angry. The generous friendliness of his new neighbor, even if he had forgotten the just-completed treaty of peace, apparently disarmed him. It was laughable.

"The well? Hm, hm! The well," he stammered, and his gaunt, dark face began to wrinkle as he glimpsed the humor of the situation. "Oh, yes, the well—the well is Abraham's. Yes, yes, of course. I really wasn't aware that my men had taken it. Your master never mentioned it when I was at his camp, only an hour ago. Why didn't he speak of it? We made a treaty; there must be no strife between us. The well is his absolutely."

The sheik must have laughed to himself when he learned somewhat later the name which Abraham had chosen for his ranch. It was to be known as Beersheba, which means "Well of Seven" or "Well of the Covenant." And so the spot is known to this day.

—Addison Leroy Phillips in The Christian Home.

A PENGUIN FURNISHES ITS NEST

When once a nest has been completed, the next thing to be considered is the furniture. This is all made locally, and therefore the variety is not very great. But self-respecting birds naturally want some kind of flooring for their nests, and consequently any sort of stick is brought into use. As I have said, there is very little vegetation on the island—but I have also said that the penguin has an ingenious mind. If he can, he takes twigs or roots from the bushes. If he lives in a district where there are no bushes, he finds that seaweed can serve as a very good substitute. And as a last resort there are the dried, straw-like grasses which sprout thinly on the island during the wetter months. . . .

Just a few penguins on the island—about a dozen in all—think that neither sticks nor straws nor seaweed are even to be compared, in this matter of furniture, with stones. This is very curious, for though stones are not the natural nest-covering of these Blackfooted Penguins, they are used almost exclusively

in the nests of the penguins who inhabit the much more southerly regions. Stones are scarce on some parts of the Island of Penguins, but these particular birds will take any amount of trouble to secure them. I found one nest, for example, which was furnished with small stones about the size of a hen's egg and furnished so thoroughly that there must have been quite half a barrow-load in the one nest; and every one of those stones must have been carried for a distance of half a mile, although entirely suitable sticks lay close at hand on every side. . . .

One day I saw a penguin leave a nest to seek for furniture, apparently with quite definite instructions from his wife as to the kind of thing he was to get. He collected a number of sticks, carrying each back to the nest and then setting out for more. Suddenly he saw on the ground a beautiful smooth stone. There was something about it which clearly appealed to him, for he walked round it two or three times, viewing it from every angle; he reminded me rather forcibly of the young husband who sees in a shop window something which he longs to buy for his wife, though he knows he cannot afford it. In the case of the penguin the price was certainly a high one—the carrying of the stone for a hundred yards. But at last he made up his mind. He picked up the stone in his beak after some initial difficulty, and started off. Twice he had to stop and rest, setting the stone carefully down on the ground. But he stuck to his task and at last he came waddling proudly up to the nest and dropped the stone just in front of his wife.

She gave it one look—but that was enough. "Didn't I tell you," she seemed to say, "that we were going to furnish this nest with sticks?" And the wretched husband, with all his joy and pride suddenly turned to gall, picked up the stone and carried it away again.—CHERRY KEARTON, in "The Island of Penguins."

The poorest man in the world is he who is always wanting more than he has.

THE COST OF WAR

"In view of this growth of war sentiment, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of the Carnegie Endowment for Universal Peace, has chosen a timely moment to bring forward a solemn warning against those who plot war, as well as an exhibit of how directly the loss, the suffering and the distress which nations are now enduring are the effect of the World War.

"Dr. Butler shows that according to the best statistics obtainable the World War cost 30,000,000 lives and 400 billions in property. If that 400 billions had been put to constructive use it would have built a $2,500 house and furnished this house with $1,000 worth of furniture, and placed it on five acres of land worth $100 an acre, and given all this to each and every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia. After doing this there would have been enough money left to give to each city of 20,000 inhabitants and over in all the countries named a $5,000,000 library and a $10,000,000 university. And then out of the balance we would have still sufficient money to set aside a sum at five per cent interest which would pay for all time to come a $1,000 yearly salary each for an army of 125,000 teachers and in addition to this pay the same salary to each of an army of 125,000 nurses.

"And after having done all this, we could still have enough left out of our 400 billions to buy up all of France and Belgium, and every thing of value that France and Belgium possess; that is, every French and Belgian farm, home, factory, church, railroad, street car—in fact everything of value in those two countries in 1914."

(*Excerpt from The Akron, Ohio, Beacon-Journal. Printed in "The Progressive Salesman" of Cincinnati, Ohio.*)

They conquer who believe they can. He has not learned the lesson of life, who does not each day surmount a fear.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CLOUD BOATS

Larry Martin's father's cattle ranch spread its sunny acres over so remote a section of eastern Oregon that only three times in the whole course of his fifteen years had Larry been on a railroad train.

"It isn't fair to Larry," worried Mrs. Martin to Mr. Martin on the evening of Larry's fifteenth birthday. "What have we scrimped and hoarded for all these years? What'd we say, when we first started out on this ranch, that we'd work and save for?"

"Larry's as manly a lad as ever I saw," said Mr. Martin. "You think he couldn't hold his own with any city lad the country over?"

"Of course Larry can ride and shoot and swim like an Indian; and what cowboy can match him for handling the herds? But where'll all that get him? Where's his schooling coming in? Eight months of the year," said Mrs. Martin. "Riding twelve miles to a country schoolhouse too little to swing a cat in."

"Swinging cats isn't one of the subjects taught," said Mr. Martin. "So maybe the schoolhouse is big enough. Now, where could you find a better teacher than young Mr. Brewster? Fresh from Harvard, with a string of fancy initials after his name."

"How long's he been here?" went on Mrs. Martin. "One year. And why's he here? 'Local color' for his writing, that's what he says. When he goes, there'll be the same old question of getting anybody that knows anything."

"If Mr. Brewster aims to stay till he's soaked up all the color of these skies and mountains and wheat fields and forests, he'll be here the rest of his life," said Mr. Martin comfortably. Then, as tears rose suddenly in his wife's eyes, he went on hastily: "Don't you think I've a sharp eye on Larry? The boy part of him is in its element—riding free. The man part of him is growing so fast, I'm dumbfounded. You let that lad feel his own way a little longer. He's happy. He's busy. He's sprouting his wings.

"Where is he?" asked Mrs. Martin, vaguely comforted.

"Tinkering out in his shop. Ruthie's out there, too, tinkering with him."

"Tinkering on that airplane?" asked Mrs. Martin, with a new anxiety in her voice. "Why can't they stick to cow ponies?"

"Never saw any two stick to ponies better," laughed Mr. Martin. "Never saw a girl ride like Ruthie."

"She's more like a boy than a girl. Why should a girl want to tinker on airplane models?"

"No," Mr. Martin defended his favorite little neighbor. " 'Tisn't that she's boyish. It's just that girls and boys are interested in the same things, these days."

" 'Cloud Boat,' that's what Ruthie calls their model," said Mrs. Martin. "And I told her she'd do better to keep her feet on the ground than her head in the clouds."

"What'd she say to that?"

"Said she certainly intended to wrap her head in a cloud some day, and, when she did, she couldn't bear to think of leaving her feet behind on the ground.

"Don't you worry," Mr. Martin comforted her. "That model of theirs won't take them cloud-boating for many a day."

The banging of the shop door, then gay young voices followed by a mad clatter of hoofs, told that Larry and Ruthie had ceased to be aviators and were pelting pell-mell for the home lights of Ruthie's house, four miles away.

On the fifteenth of the following May, Mr. Brewster, at the end of school hours, said good-by to his overalled and bloomered flock of young ranchers with real regret.

"Turn up, every one of you, on October fifteenth," he admonished them. "You'll not want to come back half as much as I shall, but do your best."

Shifting his eyes to the long, open shed

where the patient ponies drowsed day after day while their young owners imbibed knowledge, Mr. Brewster saw Ruthie and Larry coming toward him. Larry was carefully carrying a pasteboard shoe box.

"Is it a gift from the gods?" asked Mr. Brewster.

"Yes," said Ruthie, who could always be counted on for nonsense. "They gave it to us to give to you."

"Mr. Brewster," Larry began seriously, "we want to ask you if you'll let us fasten this to your radiator cap. We want you to have it, anyway, as a present from us, because we like you and you've really taught us things."

"Yes, you're the first teacher we ever had who really bothered with us," went on Ruth, taking off the cover of the shoe box as she spoke and lifting out tenderly a beautiful little airplane model.

"How in the world—who in the world made that?" marveled Mr. Brewster, entirely taken aback.

"We did," said Larry. "We've worked on it all winter."

"Of course we couldn't have done it without you," said Ruth.

"Me?"

"Didn't you give us all those aviation magazines your pilot friend sends you? What did you s'pose we were doing with 'em?"

"Of course we looked at the pictures. And don't we look and look at every plane that flies over us?"

"But aren't there working models in every magazine?" demanded Larry.

"And the explanations! You simply can't go wrong—if only your patience holds out. And that's where Larry always comes in—patience."

"And you want me to have this?" said Mr. Brewster. "But it's the perfect work of months and months."

"We do want you to have it," said Ruth honestly. "But we want you to do us a favor with it, too."

"See, we've rigged it so we can screw it right on your radiator cap, if you'll let us," said Larry.

"Let you! It would be the apple of my eye. But what's the favor?"

"Well," hesitated Ruth, "you'll be visiting cities and airports this summer, and—"

"We thought," said Larry manfully, "we thought some pilots might see it, maybe in some city or airport, and if any pilot did happen to notice it, and think it a good model, for a first try, by just a boy and girl, maybe you'd give him our address, and maybe he'd send us more plans and explanations, so that next time we could make a better one."

"'Cloud Boat,'" said Mr. Brewster softly, reading the name on the trim little model. "What working plan did you use, if anyone asks me? 'Cloud Boat' and I shall see many an airport this summer."

"Not exactly any one plan," said Larry. "We 'xperimented and worked and read the explanations, and we made the wings a little different shape. See, right here, the curve's a little different. We thought maybe she'd ride the wind better."

"That curve's all Larry's," said Ruth. "He thought all that out himself."

"The model would never have been made without Ruth's hands," said Larry. "The delicate jobs her fingers can do!"

"Oh, well!" Ruth disposed of the whole matter with feminine ease. "What difference does it make who did what? Will you take it, Mr. Brewster?"

"Harvard degrees are nothing to this," said Mr. Brewster, screwing the "Cloud Boat" to the radiator cap of his sturdy roadster. "So you're both going to fly, are you, even though railroads leave you cold?"

"We can't wait to fly!" said Ruth, lifting her blue eyes to a sky as blue. "Larry'll prob'ly have a chance to learn before I shall, but he's promised to come back and teach me; haven't you, Larry?"

"Wonder where Mr. Brewster and 'Cloud Boat' are to-day," said Ruth to Larry, one midsummer day as they sat together by the Martin's gray metal mail box, waiting for the rural mail carrier's old Ford to bob into sight.

Shuffling the letters the mail carrier

handed out, half an hour later, Larry found one for himself.

"Letter from Mr. Brewster!" he rejoiced. "Let's see what he says this time!"

Their heads almost bumping, in their eagerness, the two "air-minded" young ranchers read:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! You'll not believe a word, young aviators, but this is true. Yesterday morning, 'Cloud Boat' and I pulled into San Francisco, and, in the afternoon, we drove to the airport out near the Presidio. Before we'd been there five minutes, a tall, lanky young pilot strolled up to 'Cloud Boat' and stared and stared and stared some more. 'Where'd you get this?' he asks. 'In Oregon,' says I. 'Make it yourself?' says he. 'Two young aviators made it,' says I. 'Friends of mine.' And then I told him the whole story, straight, and he whistled and stared and stared and whistled, and finally he said: 'You tell that boy to make tracks for this airport. I run the flying school here. You tell him there's a scholarship waiting for him.'"

Late that night, Mrs. Martin said to Mr. Martin, "Do you think he's old enough to go away from home?"

"This country life has made a man of him. Haven't you been saying he ought to have his chances at school?"

"But I never dreamed it would be this way."

"It's never the way we dream. Leave it to the boys and girls of to-day to grow their own kind of wings to fly away with, and don't clip them as soon as they sprout."

—*Rose Brooks in Christian Register.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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